

The Daily Gazetteer.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1738.

91° 1067.

HERE are certain Seasons of the Year, and certain Kinds of Weather, which, as they operate uneasily upon the Body, so they indispose the Mind likewise, and render it absolutely unfit either for Business or for Pleasure: In such a Disposition I found myself not long ago, and with a Purpose, not more to divert it, than to hinder myself from being troublesome, while under its Influence, to others, I went to take a Walk in St. James's Park, an Hour or two earlier than is usual: Never was Man less inclined than I to think of writing at that Time; and yet such is the Incertainty of human Resolutions, that I found the Imperius so strong upon me before Dinner, as obliged me to step into a Coffee-House in Westminster, where, while Things were fresh in my Memory, I set down the Heads of this Paper.

As I was sauntering near Rosamond's Pond, two Young men cross'd me in their Frocks, and saluted each other in so Country a Dialect, that I could not understand them: They seem'd to be both of an Age, and were, as I understood by them afterwards, Townsmen, both of them came up to Town, err'd, as they imagined, for Life, and both, after three Months stay, were out of Place and Patience: They walked together a full Hour; and, in that Time, I had the Pleasure of hearing both their Adventures, told in so homely and so honest a Phrase, that it absolutely cured my Disorder, and gave me much Pleasure, or rather more, than any thing I have seen on the Theatre these seven Years.

Roger began first. You know, said he, that my Uncle recommended me to our Squire's Sister, Lady Penelope Pettibone, with whom I went to Scarborough; I promised myself a great deal of Pleasure in this Service, because my Sister had been my Lady's Woman three Years. I began however to doubt, in a Week, how Things would go, on my Lady's forbidding me to call her Woman either Sister or Cecily, or that she would have her called Mrs. Cecilia. Twenty other strange Things followed this; insomuch, that I thought the Waters had turned my Lady's Head; and, what griev'd me not a little more, had made her Woman likewise a little crazy. I comforted myself, however, with the Hopes, that when we came to London, these Fits would go off; but I was strangely disappointed.

The Death of my Lady's youngest Sister, brought this Town much earlier than we expected; and, on our Arrival, my Lady was pleased to be so excessivelyrieved, and her Woman followed so exactly the Manner for her, that I verily thought they would both have broke their Hearts. The first Fortnight I sat in running to all Ends of the Town, to inform the Ladyship's Friends and Relations, that she neither paid Visits nor received Company: The next I sat upon, made me sorry that I had done travelling; so, upon my giving my Lady a List of the Persons who had enquired of her Health, she had the Goodness to command my Hand-writing, and thence forward I was knock'd up twice or thrice in a Night, to transcribe my Lady's Occasional Thoughts, for she had a little Desk by her Bedside, and when she could not sleep, she amused herself with writing such dismal Thing, as I have heard at the Meeting. You may be sure I soon grew sick of this Employment, and told my Sister as much: But, would you believe it? she called me a hundred dull Beasts, Country Brutes, and stupid Bunkies; till at last I lost all Patience, and told her, that in short I would write no more. How she managed it with my Lady I can't tell; but, I believe, she invented some Story or other, because I was suffer'd to sleep all Night afterwards, and saw my Lady no more out of Humour than usual in the Mornings.

WHEN the melancholy Fit wore off, I travelled more than a Penny-Post-Mile; sweaty Letters at least a Day, with a Paper of Directions with each. A Paper of Directions cry'd his Companion; why, were not the Letters directed? Yes, says Roger, they were directed, but so as not to direct a body. One was *Sophronia* to *Mira*; another, *Cynthia* to *Melissa*; a third, *Flavia* to *Myrtilla*; for my Lady went by as

many Names as some less honest People. Sweet Mrs. Cecilia would have had me got them by heart; but I desired to be excused, and insisted, as I told you, on having a Paper of Directions in plain English; which, after a Shower of Blockheads, Fools, and tasteless Wretches, was, with much ado, deliver'd me. One additional Plague that these Letters brought, was the Jokes put upon me wherever I delivered them: The London-bred Servants complimented me in your Play-house Language, and were so troublesome wittly, that I was forced to put on more Bluntness than I brought out of Yorksbire, in order to deliver myself from their Importunities. But I shall never forget the Saying of Lady Dively's Welch Footman, upon my carrying a Letter thither, for observing that I was not well pleased with the Behaviour of his Fellow Servants, he step'd up to me, and flaring me full in the Face, You look, said he, like an honest Man, her will tell her something for her Good: If her live long with a Wit, her will pass through all this Town for a Fool; her has been here but three Days, and her has found out that already.

ABOUT a Week after this, Mrs. Cecilia was pleased to acquaint me, that her Lady would have the Goodness to pay the Barber over the Way, to teach me to buckle my Hair, and keep it in Order, and that I should go to a Dancing School for two or three Months, to wear off my Country Scrape, as she call'd it. I made no Answer; but having consider'd the Matter thoroughly, I resolved to take the Welchman's Advice, and meeting my Uncle Wealthy at the Yorkshire Grey, he said I should live with him, till he could get me a Place with a Merchant at Leeds. So I gave my Lady Warning, and my Sister a little good Advice, and am now, as you see, out of Place, and intend to go into the Country next Tuesday.

LORD, cry'd Jeremy, what strange Folk there are in the World! My Mother was left with a large Family of Children, and she thought my Fortune made, when Sir William Whimsey took a Fancy to me, and would needs have me for his Servant. Indeed I began to build Castles in the Air myself, especially for the first Month. Every Body that came to our House, said, what a good Man! what a worthy Man! and what an honest Man Sir William was, and how different from other Gentlemen. This I took upon trust at first, for I could see nothing of it. He did not pay better than other People; he kept no better House; his Servants did not live easier; but it is true, that he was very condescending to his Tradesmen. He would keep his Shoemaker a whole Morning, to hammer into him the Prejudice he sustain'd by the Tax upon Leather. He condoled with his Brewer in Town, on the Burden of Excise; and in the Country, was everlastingly telling his Tenants, that the Ground of all their Complaints, was the Land and the Salt Tax. He was a mighty Friend to the Law; but could not endure a Justice of Peace. He kept no Correspondence with his own Brother, because he was no Officer. In short, he was the most contradictory Man in the World. He damn'd the Ministry, out of pure Loyalty; He rail'd at the Bishops, out of Love to the Clerks; and was ready to do any thing for the Poor, ---- except relieving them. These Things puzzled me, as I told you, for a Month; but having heard my Master in that Space, command Common Sense, at least ten Times a Day, I resolved to make use of the little Stock I had, and, in truth, never Man had more need of it.

ON our coming to his Lodgings in Grafton's-street, my Troubles began. The Morning I spent in reading, 'till I was hoarse, Papers, Poems, and Pamphlets against the Government. Then I bad his Service to carry to every Member of the Grumbling Club, to which was annexed, an Inquiry where they Dined, or at least where they Supp'd; for they constantly spent their Evenings together. When I waited at Table, I had much ado to keep my Countenance; they railed at Luxury over fifteen, or twenty Dishes; drank Confusion to the French Cardinal, in Burgundy; and wished the French Pennyless, whilst they were filling their Pockets: About the fourth Bottle, they talk'd Blasphemy, tho' they were true Sons of the Church, and pretended to be dreadfully afraid of the Ruin of the Nation, while they took so much Pains to ruin themselves.

MR. CATCHWORD, the Stationer, was my Master's

Minister; he brought us Intelligence, heard my Master's Speeches with great Attention, and undertook to get them into the —— Mr. Post Fine, the Attorney, was another Privy Counsellor; he had a great Opinion of my Master's Wisdom and Honour, and comforted him with Presages of seeing him at the Head of the Treasury, every time he took Instructions for a Mortgage on his Estate. Besides these, Sir William had a numerous Attendance, composed of Poets, Writers, and Well-wishers to the Party, most of whom were pretty much out at Elbows; either in this or some other Cause, he helped them all, and, I believe, will do so till he comes to want Help himself. For my part, I long'd to be in the Country again: After Six Weeks hurry, down we went.

THERE my Plagues were considerably augmented. I had the Honour to be a sort of Secretary to Mr. Catchword sent us every Post a written Letter, and I was ordered to make a dozen Copies at least. I would fain have shifted this Trouble upon Parson Prig, the Curate of our Parish, who was very great at our House; tho' my Master never spoke to Dr. Peace-Love, the Rector, and very seldom went to Church; but my Scheme was as unsuccessful as my Master's: The Parson pretended he was afraid to have his Hand seen, and so Pill-garlick trudged on, till about ten Days ago, that we came up again to London.

We arrived on a Monday, and on the Thursday Sir William told me, That as my Uncle had accepted of the Post Office in our Town, and as my Mother was to live with him, he expected I should not correspond with either. I told him, that my Mother's Circumstances obliged her to act as she did, and that my Uncle could not refuse so advantagous an Offer, without hurting his Family; that I had some Dependence upon both, and that I hoped his Honour would not lay Commands upon me inconsistent with my Interest and my Duty. Upon this he flew into a Passion, asked me where I learn'd to Prate at this rate, and told me he expected no Reasoning, but Obedience. I answer'd, that what little Knowledge I had, I acquir'd in his Honour's Service, and that I hoped he would not blame me for following his Example. You Rascal! said he, as great a Friend as I am to Opposition, I'll have none in my own Family. This Language put me upon a Patriot-like Resolution, and so I resign'd, that is, gave Warning, for fear of being turn'd out. I also intend to go down into the Country, and, if you will, we will go together. This said, away march'd they to the Yorkshire Grey, and I to the Coffee-house, where I recorded their Conversation.

R. FREEMAN.

HOME PORTS.

PORTSMOUTH, Nov. 22. Last Night arrived at Spithead, the Seahorse Man of War, Capt. Compton, from Virginia. She came out the 8th of October, with the Harrison, Bolling, for London. The Hector Man of War, Sir Yelverton Peyton, Commander, arrived there the 2d of October from Spithead and Georgia.

DEER, Nov. 22. Arrived the St. Ann, Blankett, from Jamaica; and the Henrietta, Bigga, from Maryland.

DEAL, Nov. 22. Wind S. W. Remains the Chester Man of War; with the outward bound Merchant Ships, as in my last. Several Ships are in Sight, coming down, their Names in my next. Arrived the Sea Nymph, Hartman, from Jamaica; and the Prince of Wales, King, from Barbados.

London.

On Monday last died, very rich, at his House at Ware in Hertfordshire, after a long Illness, Mr. Aaron Cates, formerly an eminent Merchant of that Town, who had retired from Business many Years.

On Wednesday last died, after a long and tedious Illness, the Rev. Mr. Hay, who had been Lecturer and Curate of St. Dionis Backchurch in Bishopsgate-street, for above Twenty Years.

Yesterday a Dispensation passed the Great Seal, to enable the Rev. John Griffiths, Clerk, M.A. Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, to hold the Rectory of Eekington, in the County of Derby.

Derby and Diocese of Lichfield and Coventry; together with the Rectory of Whiston, in the County and Diocese of York.

On Wednesday Night last came on the Election of a Clerk of St. Bartholomew behind the Royal Exchange. The Candidates were Mr. George Fisher and Mr. Samuel Jenkinson, when the former was chosen by a Majority of six Votes. Mrs. Valears, returning Home after Voting, dropp'd down dead at the Church Door: She was Relict of — Valears, Esq; who for many Years was an eminent Dutch Merchant in Throgmorton-street.

Upwards of Sixty-four Tons of Portland-Stone, ready wrought, are arrived in the River for the Use of the intended Bridge at Westminster.

Yesterday came on in the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, the further Hearing between John Dormer, Esq; and Mr. Justice Fortescue Aland, and others, concerning the granting of a new Trial, in relation to the Estate of the late Judge Dormer in the County of Bucks: The Court took Time to consider the Case, before they gave their Opinions upon it.

Winton, Nov. 22. At our last General Court-Day, held the 18th of October last, before several of our worthy Gentlemen of the Committee of our County Hospital, a Motion was made by the Honourable Sir William Heathcote, Bart. that the Rev. Dr. Clarke, one of the Prebends of our Church, and of St. Peter's, Westminster, do sit for his Picture, to be done by the best of Hands, to be hung up in our Hospital, in Remembrance of the singular Service he hath done our Country, in establishing an Hospital here for Poor, Sick and Lame, and for taking such great Pains to bring it to Perfection, which he hath done to Admiration in two Years time.

Casualties, Christnings, and Burials last Week. Broken Ribs 1. Killed 3, two by Drays, one buried at Christ Church in London, and one at St. Mary at Lambeth, and one by a Horse, buried at St. Dunstan at Stepney. Overlaid 2.

	Males	165	Males	297
Christned	Females	153	Buried	340
	In all	318	In all	637
	Decreased in the Burials this Week	86.		

Whereof have died,

Under 2 Years of Age	247	Forty and Fifty	65
Between 2 and 5	64	Fifty and Sixty	50
Five and Ten	19	Sixty and Seventy	45
Ten and Twenty	14	Seventy and Eighty	24
Twenty and Thirty	45	Eighty and Ninety	15
Thirty and Forty	46	Ninety and a Hundred	3

High Water this Day

Morning	08	Evening	17
at London Bridge.			08 49

Bank Stock 143. India 173 1-half. South Sea 104. Old Annuity 111 7-8ths to 112. New ditto 111 7-8ths to 112. Three per Cent. 105 3-8ths. Seven per Cent. Loan 112. Five per Cent. Ditto 100. Royal Assurance 108 1-8th. London Assurance 13 3-4ths. African 14. India Bonds 6 l. 16 s. Prem. South Sea ditto, 2 l. 13 s. Premium. Bank Circulation 1 l. 10 s. Premium. Salt Tallies 1-half to 2 1-half Prem. English Copper 3 l. 15 s. Welsh ditto 15 s. Three 1-half per Cent. Exchequer Orders 6 1-half per Cent. Prem. Three per Cent. ditto 3-4ths per Cent. Prem. Million Bank 122.

This Day is Published,

I. A Discourse of the visible and invisible Church of Christ, in which it is shewn, that the Powers claimed by the Officers of the visible Church, are not inconsistent with the Supremacy of Christ as Head; or with the Rights and Liberties of Christians, as Members of the invisible Church. By JOHN ROGERS, D. D. Vicar of St. Giles's Cripplegate, Canon of Wells, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty. The 5th Edition, corrected.

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Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.

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V. A Sermon preached at the Annual Visitation of the Lord Bishop of Winchester at Andover, in the County of Southampton, Sept. 14, 1737. By Ferdinand Warner, Vicar of Whitechurch in Hampshire. Published at the Request of several of the Clergy.

VI. A Sermon preached at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, on Sunday Feb 17, 1733-4. to recommend the Charity for establishing the new Colony of Georgia. By T. Rundie, L. L. D. Prebendary of Durham. Published at the Request of the Rt. Hon. the Lord Viscount Tyrconnel, the Hon. Colonel Whitworth, Church Wardens, and several of the Parishioners. Printed for T. Woodward, at the Half Moon between the two Temple Gates in Fleet street.

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Prince Eugene,
Count Zinzendorf,
Baron de Gortz,
Count Parkul,
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The Lord Harrington,
Sir Robert Walpole,
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